Reed and Carlisle Wind Up the Lengthy Tariff Speeches.

PRECEDED BY MR. JEHU BAKER

In an Answer to Mr. Breckenridge's "Deep Damnation" Utterances-Gossip on the Present Condition of the Tariff Fight.

The Last of the Long Speeches. WASHINGTON BUREAU THE OMAHA BEE, 513 FOURTHENTH STREET.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May To day closed the most thorough and exhaustive tariff debate that has ever taken place in the history of the country. When the discussion started out it was expected to be dull and tiresome, but as it proceeded it turned out to be very interesting indeed, and its close shows that it presents many sides which deserve the careful study of the American people and their legislators. To-day being the last day of the debate, the galleries were filled long before the opening of the session, and many thousands were turned away, unable to obtain even standing room. The friends of Speaker Carlisle especially were on hand very early and formed the larger part of the audience.

It had become known early this morning that Mr. Jehu Baker, of Illinois, was going to respond to some remarks made vesterday by Mr. Breckenridge relative to the defeat of William R. Morrison, which he charged to corruption and fraud by the protection interests. Mr. Baker is a gentleman of stately demeanor and odd ways, but a man of fine general information and a ready debater, whenever he engages in any controversy. He had carefully prepared a speech and read it off with the earnestness and force which characterizes a man who is greatly excited and believes himself thoroughly outraged. He was listened to with close attention by everybody, and though his manner sometimes was rather ludicrous, his words were forceful, and the gentleman from Kentucky, whom they served to castigate, evidently smarted under them. At any rate he considered them worthy of a reply and closes his answer in polite and apologetic language. The documents by which he sought to prove the truth of his assertions in relation to the elections in Mr. Baker's district were considered by everybody as very flimsy arguments.

After this introductory scene, Mr. Reed of Maine was recognized and commenced what turned out to be one of the finest speeches on the tariff that has ever been delivered in the house. Mr. Reed is a great big burly man in figure, and phlegmatic enough in temperament to deserve the name of a lazy man, and for that reason no person had believed it possible that he would devote the time necessary for the thorough study of the question to this speech, but he had. It was well and carefully prepared. and though he spoke without notes, his speech showed a most careful preparation and logical arrangement. It was unusually honest, and though the first part of it did not seem to warm up the audience as much as Mr. Reed's words usually do, the latter half electrified it and round after round of applause greeted the many telling points of his argument. It was a great speech in the opinion of almost everyone, and especially the leading democrats think that in many respects it was a better speech than even Mc-Kinley made for the protection side of the question. Mr. Ree2 especially devoted him-self to showing that the Mills bill, tariff reform and a tariff for revenue mean free trade, and that the democratic party was celving the people by speaking of incidental protection when it was really aiming at free trade. To be conscientious and hon-est, they should wipe out altogether a system that they believed to be dishonest and disastrous. After Mr. Reed had closed he was loudly applauded, and all the republican members of the house, and many demo crats even, filed past him to shake hands and congratulate him.

When quiet was finally restored Speaker Carlisle was recognized, and the democrats received him with tremendous applause. But Mr. Carlisle's speech was not up to the repuation as an orator and a statesman that has enjoyed. True, he spoke well and his arguments were the best that have been ad-duced on his side, but they were neither new and original, nor forcible. In fact, he re-peated his celebrated speech of six years ago in many respects, especially so far as the passages on New England and the effect of protection and tariff for revenue only upon that section of the country are concerned. The most telling portions of his speech con-Bisted of the reading of portions of Senator Sherman's tariff speech, made in 1871, Mr. Carlisle was laboring under a disadyantage, having been unwell this morning, and perhaps for that reason he con-sumed but an hour and a half, while Mr. Reed spoke two hours. He was frequently nterrupted by applause and when he had finished the democrats paid him the same honor that the republicans had paid to Mr.

general debate is concerned, and the ones ion with the leading men on both sides of the house is as to whether the democrats shall be permitted to call up the bill and asl a vote without considering the sections for the purpose of offering amendments. Some of the democratic leaders still pretend to believe that the bill could pass if put to a vote at once, but that certainly is not true. Mr. Randall's speech has sottled that. Even Mr. Cleveland's great influence and power will not be able to force some of the protection democrats to vote for the bill in its present shape, because they must save hemselves by securing amendments concerning the leading industries in their respective district. A more careful canvass of the votes on their side of the house will probably convince the leaders before Monday morning that to ask a vote on the bill would be a bad move on their part. For that reason it is almost certain that the committee will again take it up on Monday, consider it section by section, in which case the democratic man agers will seek to conciliate enough protect tion democratic representatives to secure the passage of the bill in the house. This can be done, but if the Mills bill of to-day will differ very materially from that which will be ent to the senate, the republicans are ready with a bill of their own which they will move o substitute for the Mills bill, and it will em body the leading ideas of the republican party without going into the details required for a thorough revision of the tariff, which details they do not feel competent to act on In the absence of any evidence by which they can arrive at results. They have had no opportunity to investigate the question and they have none now. Of course, the republican substitute will be voted down and the Mills bill is in danger of failing, but an ticipating the passage of the Mills bill by the house, the republican senators are already hard at work perfecting a bill which will revise the tariff and reduce the revenues to the research the necessary extent.
The demogratic members of the committee

on ways and means had a conference this evening, and it was agreed that the tariff shall not be called up next Menday, but that the whole of next week shall be devoted to appropriation bills.

COST OF AND PLANS FOR IMPROVING THE MIS At the meeting to-day of the committee

for the improvement of the Mississippi river and its tributaries, of which Senator Paddock is chairman, Captain Smith S. Leach, of the United States corps of engineers, occupied the stand for three hours. All the committee, with the exception of Senator Eustis, were messed; and in addition. Cantain John Compresent, and in addition Captain John Cow-den, with three Mississippi captains of the old time were in attendance. Captain Leach presented a written statement of objections to the Lake Borgue outlet plan. He insisted that any possible benefit which could be derived from opening the Mississippi at Lake orgue would be simply temporary, while re permanent effects would be lasting and sastrous. One of the first effects, he said, disastrous. One of the first effects, he said, would be to sweep New Orleans into the Mississippi river. He arged that at present all the resources of engineering and a large the same direction. He said that amount of money were required to breaerve the banks at that point,

TWO LEADERS COME IN LAST. and that under such a plan as that proposed by Captain Cowden the velocity would be increased fully 35 per cent. when no system of engineering known to man or God and no amount of expenditure o money, could prevent the caving in of the banks The captain then entered into an exended and detailed explanation of the aystem now adopted by the commission in its work on the Mississippi, which, he said, consisted—first, in the building of levees; econd-the construction of revetments; and third—the adoption of means for "contract-ing the channel through dikes and other-"Under a vigorous cross-examination
Senator Chandler, Captain Leach
it as his opinion that an
diture of \$3,000,000 would thory levee the Mississippi river from gave oughly levee the Mississippi river from New Orleans to Cape Givonda, and that a total expenditure of \$30,000,000 would give it an average depth of ten feet from its mouth

to the head of invigation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Representative McShane returned to-day rom Nebraska.
William A. Paxton, of Omaha, was at the anital to-day, hearing the tariff speeches Patrick Gibbons, of Keokuk, Ia., is at the

Ben. G. Davis, of Nebraska, was to-day promoted from a \$1,000 to a \$1,300 position in the war department. Perry S. Heats.

A VERY STRANGE VISION. And a Very Queer Story Told by

Railroad Man.

R. M. Sturgeon, the able Harrisburg, Pa., correspondent of the New York Times, sends his paper the following dispatch: A veteran engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad was speaking the other day of singular sights and incidents he had met with in his long ex-perience on the road. "The queerest that I ever knew," said he, "was the vision that Bill Sandusky had a few years ago. There are things that you know have happened and are still re-luctant to tell about because you know you'll be laughed at and pooh-poohed for your pains, and this vision was one of that kind. Bill Sandusky was an engineer on the Philadelphia and Erie railway, and is yet, I think, and lives in Erie. A better engineer never handled the throttle. About ten years ago a young fellow named George Watkins went to work on the Philadelphia and Erie as a brakeman. He was stranger, and no one knew where ne came from. He was twenty-one or twenty-two years old, but he had a much older look. He had a very dark complexion, and he was tall and lean. His eyes were intensely black and deepsunken. He had but little to say to any of his fellow-trainmen. It came to be a common remark among them that if at any time Watkin's peculiar eyes were fixed on them for a moment they underwent curious variations of color, and that the person upon whom the gaze was fixed experienced sensations which he found it difficult to describe, but which were referred to in a general way as decidedly uncomfortable. Some of the men said that with Watkin's eyes on them they found it difficult to keep their minds on their work, and some went so far as to say that they could remove themselves from the strange influence of his presence only by the exercise of all their will power. Those

who had heard of mesmerism decided

that the stranger was sossessed of pow-

erful mesmeric influence, and he was

avoided as much as possible.
"It was plain from the bearing of Watkins that he was either the victim of some great trouble or haunted by unpleasant recollections, and also that he was a man of education and intelligence. He performed the hard work of a brakeman with faithfulness, and early attracted the attention of the superintendent. Watkins had been on the almost three months when Jimmy Green, Bill Sandusky's foreman, was killed while saving the life of a little child that was playing on the track. The train was dashing along at the rate of about forty miles an hour when the child was discovered by Bill and his fireman 200 or 300 vards ahead, as the train rounded a curve. Bill whistled for brakes and reversed his engine but there was no possible chance of stopping the train before it reached the child, which did not seem to be aware of its danger. Quick as a cat Jimmy Green drew himself through the cab window and ran out along the guard rail to the pilot. He dropped down flat and leaning over as far as he could, he seized the child as the engine dashed on the spot where it sat. He caught the little one and scooped it clear of the track. The child was saved, but the brave fireman lost his hold in making the effort and fell across the rail and was cut to pieces. George Watkins was taken from the brake wheel and promoted to the place which Jimmy Green's death made vacant. He got along with the work from the very start as handily as if he had been at the job all his life, but Bill Sandusky said that the atmosphere of the cab changed the minute Watkins set his foot in it. He declared, after the first trip with the new fireman, that Watkins would hoo-

doo him sure. 'I feel so queer when he turns those sunken eyes of his on me,' Bill used to say, 'that I daresen't stand still under his gaze. If I should stand still,' Bill said, 'believe I'd let my engine push right on, no matter what might happen, if that fireman said the word.'

"Bill's uneasiness under the mysterious influence of the fireman was such that he at last told the superintendent that he was sure something would happen unless the fireman was taken off. The superintendent laughed at what he called Bill's foolishness, and Watkins staid on the engine. He had fired for Bill a month or so, then the engineer went to the superintendent and told him positively that he must remove Watkins. He couldn't give any reason that had weight with the boss, and he said that the fireman must stay, Then Bill told him that his next trip would be his last. He said he would not run

another trip with George Watkins.
"The Philadelphia & Erie road run through some very wild country in northwestern Pennsylvania. One of the wildest spots was just west of Kane, in McKean county. The woods are deep and unbroken for miles, and a fellow passing through them feels as if he were out of the world. From the first trip that Watkins made with him Bill noticed that in going through that wild stretch the fireman seemed to be seized with terror, and at times he would turn pale, and Bill frequently saw him crouching at the side of the cab and glaring wildly, and his strange eyes seemed to be gazing into vacancy. On the trip that Bill had declared was to be his last with the new fireman the engineer had not been paying any attention to Watkins until they had entered the wild piece of woods near Kane and had run some distance through it. Then Bill happened to turn his eyes toward the fireman. Watkins stood against the side of the cab. His eyes were staring at the engineer, and Bill's eyes met the queer gaze straight and full Bill said that instantly he felt a numb sensation run through him like a flash. He tried to take his eyes away from Watkins', but couldn't do it. Sense of the fact that he was on his engine running the Pennsylvania & Erie railway never left him, but there he stood, entirely helpless to move his eyes away from Watkins's. Presently the fireman turned and looked off into the woods. Without power to help it Bil: looked in the same direction. He said that he didn't believe that Watkins saw or

under that strange influence. The look of terror came to the fireman's eyes as he gazed, and suddenly the entire scene was changed as Bill gazed out upon it. of the deep the train was Instead Kane woods gliding through a delightful valley. one side was a lofty ridge; on the other a level stretch of fertile farm land was bounded by a line of low woods. Presently the train passed a town-a beautiful village, with remarkable growths of willows where the site sloped down to the river. Setting far back in terraced grounds was an old homestead, to which a green lane, on either side of which were thick clumps of willows, led from the main road. Beyond, rising back of the trees, was a church spire. As Bill Sandusky gazed in amazement on this transformation, an elderly man, astride of a large horse, rode down the lane toward the village. As he was passing a clump of trees a tall man stepped out from behind a large willow with a gun in his hands. He raised the weapon to his shoulder and fired at the man on the horse. The old man threw up his hands and tumbied to the ground. The murderer fired twice into the prostrate body of his victim, and then ran away and disappeared among the wil-lows along the river. Bill said he could not distinguish the features of either the murderer or his victim, but the horror of the scene aroused him. He uttered a cry that startled the fireman, who was crouching down in the cab. Watkins sprang to an erect position.

again, attending to his cuty as cool as "Was there something on the track?" he asked, as the engineer dropped he

Bill jumped to his lever and was about

to reverse and call for brakes when the

strange scene faded away and the wild

Pennsylvania landscape once more stretched away on either side. In a second's time the fireman was himself

signal cord. "It was some time before Bill could reply, and then he told Watkins of the extraordinery vision. As he described it his fireman grew paler and paler and became greatly agitated. When Bill came to the scene where the old man was murdered Watkins was a picture of terror. He threw up his hands.

"'My God!' he shricked. 'There is no escape!'
"With these words he sprang from timble out of the cab, and Bill saw him tumble out of sight in the bushes. The train was running thirty miles an hour. Bill brought her to a stop as soon as he could and backed down to where the fireman had jumped off, expecting to find him dead or badly hurt. Not a trace of Watkins could be found except the broken bushes into which he had disappeared. The

woods were searched, but the missing fireman was not found.

"Of course Bill's story, the singular disappearance of Watkins, and the mys-terious circumstances connected with it, created a great sensation along the line for some time, but the matter was at last forgotten. A month or so afterward Bill Sandusky took a vacation. He went on a trip through Ohio. One day he read in a Cincinnati paper that a young man named Walters. who had appeared in one of the small Kentucky towns a month be-fore and confessed to having murdered his uncle six years before in that village and gave himself up to justice, was to be hanged for the crime. Bill Sandusky could never explain the reason why at the moment he read the item his fireman Watkins, the murder he had seen in his vision, and the fireman's disappearance, came into his mind and connected themselves with the conessed murderer, Walters. Bill found that he could get to the Kentucky town in a few hours by rail, and he jumped on the train and started for the place. As the train approached the place there was no need of the brackeman calling out its name, so far as Bill Sandusky was concerned. its name, so far the valley there was the a wa river, there stood the hills, the sloping village site, the willows, the church, the old homestead in the terraced ground There was the green lane down which he had seen the old man riding, and there was the clump of trees where the assassin had appeared and fired the fatal shots. Bill had no trouble in obtaining a look at the condemned murderer. Walters, in his cell and of course Walters was Bill's old fireman, George Watkins. Walters was his right name. He had shot his uncle just as the engineer had see the tragedy in his vision that memorable day from his cab window. The murderer had been an entire stranger in the Kentucky town. He had visited his uncle to borrow money and had been refused. That was the sole cause of the murder.

"Walters said he had struggled for six years anainst some strange influence that was constantly drawing him back to the scene of his crime and to confession, but feeling that no human being knew of his guilt, he had conquered the influence. He never passed through the dark Kane woods while firing for Bill Sandusky that the whole scene of the tragedy did not rise before him. When that scene was revealed so mysteriously to the engineer the murderer believed that the terrible secret was no longer his own. He gave up the struggle and went unresistingly to his fate He was hanged three days after Bill visited him. But how can any one explain that queer vision of Bill's?"

The Colonel Was the Boy.

At the Hoffman house, New York, the

other night, Colonel Tom Ochiltree gleefully told the following story of his last visit to Washington to the New York Graphic: "There was a dinner party at Chamberlain's, and Senator Hearst of California was there. As cigars were lighted the senator was moved to relate an incident of his earlier experience. There had been a freshet in California, and the senator's party stood on the banks of a swollen stream, not daring to cross. As they watched the rush of the swollen waters they were startled to be-hold a man drifting down the river on a broken fence. Just opposite them the ence caught on a snag, and the poor fellow, already almost exhausted, clung feebly to his support, from which the mighty current threatened instantly to wash him. No help was possible from the party. They had no line with them and it seemed death to plunge in the river. Suddenly a lad appeared on the

opposite shore with a rope around his waist. He tied the other end to a stum p and sprang fearlessly into the seething After incredible struggles he reached the drowning man, and the lad's companions drew him ashore. The senator's voice trembled as he told this story. A tear ran down his cheek and a profound hush fell upon the jovial party. At length the senator said:

"Gentlemen, I've got more money than I had then, and I give you my word of honor that if I could find that boy I'd give him a ceeck for \$10,000.

There was a murmur of approval.

Not a man doubted the senator's sin-

cerity. Colonel Ochiltree slowly arose. His eyes were cast down. His form was as shrinking as possible. He hesitated a moment and then he falteringly said: "Hearst ought not to mention it. But what you have said embeldens me, old

The fraternal organization. Order of the Iron Hall, is now growing rapidly. Branches are springing up all over the country. There are now nearly 750 branches instituted, with a membership of 31,000 in good standing

fellow. Noble heart, your hand! I was

SKELETON. BROWN FAMILY

Some Startling Revelations in the Famous Polioning Case.

A NEBRASKA MAN DISAPPEARS

And His Friends Fear He Has Been Murdered-Superior and Railroads-An Idwa Liquor Seller Raided.

The Closet Door Opened.

MASON CITY, In., May 19 .- [Special Tele gram to THE BEE. |-Coroner McFarland has just returned from the scene of the Brown poisoning affair, where he has for the past six days been conducting an examination. It is understood from a reliable source that

the jury will return a verdict criminating

either Mr. or Mrs. Brown. It has developed during the trial that for several years past there has been considera ble domestic trouble in the family. During the winter the child that is now dead fell into the river and Mr. Brown and a hired man rushed down to rescue him. When he was taken out of the water he was conveyed to the house and because Mrs. Brown had not assisted in the rescue he said that he would be d-d if he should ever rescue her it she should fall into the river. She retorted: "Nobody would ever ask you." Once dur ing the winter he attempted to frighten her into signing a deed transferring some real estate, and because she would not sign it, he arose in the middle of the night, took down a double barreled shot gun and threatened to blow his brains out. Mrs. Brown gives evidence that she believes be guilty, but the accused protests als innocense, and at the same time declares that he would rather suffer than have his wife suffer for the crime. Mr. Brown was once a wealthy farmer, but it is now understood that he has of late had considera-ble financial trouble. Evidence of jealous; was given before the coroner's jury. Mrs. Brown also testified that her husband was a nard man to live with, and that she was nothing worth living for. During the time Mrs. Brown was giving her testimony Mr. Brown crowded to the door and attempted to listen to what she had to say. The constable forced him to go away, whereupon he grew indignant, and declared he would listen to his wife's testimony. Mr. Brown otherwise conducted himself in a very suspicious manner. They have up to this time been living together in the house, and Mrs. Brown has asked the jury to place a man in the house, and her request will be granted. It is thought that matters will develop in a short time and the real perpetrators of the heinous crime be discovered:

They Suspect the B. & M. Superior, Neb. May 19 .- [Special Telegram to THE BEE. |-The Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley right of way and depot grounds and that of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, which is being purchased jointly by the companies above named, has all been secured except some half dozen lots belonging to William London, a non-resident grain dealer who has applied to Judge Morris for an injunction with a view to prevent the condemnation of the property. The business men of Superior are very well satisfied that he is being assisted in his opposition to the entrance of these two companies into the city by the B. & M. railyay company. Believing this to be true they to-day notified Mr. this to be true they to-day notified Mr. Holdrege that such action on the part of the B. & M. could not but result disastrously to the latter company's interest. A prompt and emphatic denial was received from Mr. Holdrege, but it failed to satisfy the people. Judge Morris' well known opposition to schemes of this kind on the part of railway corporations against the best interests of the people at large will certainly make this people at large, will certainly make this case no exception.

Opened the Bids.

Lincoln, Neb., May 19 .- [Special Telegram to THE BEE. |-The board of public lands and buildings held a session this afteroon to open up the bids on the new kitcher and dining room of the deaf and dumb institute at Omaba. The following are the bids, all the bidders being from that city: J. P. Cracy & Co., \$10,955; John Cully, \$17,235; H. Elkjaer and James Skow, \$11,140 Robbins & Co., \$10,011; F. L. Reeves, \$11,090; Arthur & Herd, \$10,7000. The last named bidders except the steam heating and plumb The estimate for the building was an even \$10,000, and no bid came below it. No award was made.

Selling Liquor on the Sly. MASON CITY, Ia., May 19.- | Special Telegram to THE BEE. |-There is great rejoicing in prohibition circles at Charles City. Last night the sheriff and deputy raided a "dive" operated by Gertig. With considerable difficulty they secured a bottle which was in the possession of Fertig and after taking up a carpet in the dining room and lifting up a trap door they found two kegs of whisky and three barrels of bottled beer nicely stored away.

Bound Over to the District Court. GRANT, Neb., May 19 .- | Special Telegram to THE BEE. ]-The trial of the alleged rioters at the February election at this place, was continued in Judge Hastings' court yesterday and to-day. The three defendants tried were E. J. Devinny, D. J. Pink and B. F. who were bound over to appear at the district court.

A Crazy Woman Suicides Mason City, May 19 .- [Special Telegram to THE BEE, -Alice Wheeler, a demented inmate of the poor house took poison with suicidal intent to-day. She will die.

DOCTOR MARTIN. A Legend of Coot Hill By Laz in New York Mercury.

A vivid flash of lightning accompanied by a deafening peal of thunderthen darkness and silence. So sharp was the lightning, so loud the thunder, that eyes were blinded and ears dulled. From the tavern, kept by the Widow Wertz, a tongue of flame leaped up. Words passed from honse to house:

"The tavern is on fire." There was a rush of eager men. Soon the fire was out. Then search was made for the widow and her daughter. Both were found in their bedroom

senseless. Dr. Martin was called for, but he was away on a professional visit. He camein a little while, and under his treatment the widow revived, but the beautiful Emma lay dead.

"The poor doctor! It will break his heart. See how he looks!" one woman whispered to another. He stooped over the body and his face

more or less than a petrified human body. The wagon had stopped in front was weary and aged in its expression, while his shoulders seemed bowed of the Wertz house, and a crowd of curious men, women and children had surrounded it. under the weight of many years. Aged and infirm he had suddenly grown, for he had loved the beautiful Emma Wertz and she had loved him in

Dr. Martin, attracted by the clamor left his room, where he was waiting for return, much to the disgust of burly the hour of six to strike, and came down Ben Fluke, a teamster, who stood at the stairs. The Widow Wertz appeared at foot of the couch. Ben's grief had no the front door with him, having met consolation, but Dr. Martin had the him in the dining room. The crowd solace of love reciprocated. made room for the doctor and the Dr. Martin turned from the couch and widow. They approached the wagon together. "My!" exclaimed the widow, "it's the

Dr. Martin turned without glanc-tottered from the room without glanc-tottered from the room without glanc-tottered from the room without glancing at the widow, and moaning: "Alas!
My daughter! My daughter!"
Ben followed him into his room and crazy Dr. Pyle, natural as life."
"That's my opine," said an old vildemanded the meaning of his words. "You loved her, Ben. I knew it, but she loved me and I could not prelager.

Strange words, these, they puzzled Ben sorely, for in his honest heart he had believed Dr. Martin honorable in seeking Emma's love, but he finally

concluded with the other villagers that Emma's death had crazed the doctor. It was a queer fancy, though, his thinking Emma his child.

The Widow Wertz got well, but she

never spoke of the widow as his wife.

not get an explanation from him. On

all other subjects he was frank and sen-sible; on this he was mysterious and

One day a thunderstorm threatened

to burst over the village, and the doctor

calling for the widow found her hidder

between two feather beds. She was

much frightened and very nervons. The

storm passed over and she was persuaded

to come from her hiding.
"I never was afraid of lightnin' till

Emmy was killed."
She seemed to have forgotten that

she herself had been knocked senseless

by the flash that had killed her daugh-

and it's took Emmy, and I git scared when I see the big thunderclouds with

was killed on. I coaxed Lew not to go.

and the doctor's not been heard on.

seen him, but when he was young an came courtin' me. If sech a thing could

think he would do, but said sorrow

"I must be somecody else than myself

"Poor man, yer out of yer mind, that's

"Must be poor Lew's, sence yer think

"But tell me why Lew took the crazy

'Coz the doctor said his life depended

on it and Lew knowed he'd never git

over by hisself, so he drew him, but the

wagon never got over, and nobody

"Was the doctor a stranger to Lew?"

"Why didn't he wait until the storm

"He got crazier'n ever and said he

"Most likely that is so. How long ago

The clock got ready to strike six and

the doctor left the window. He hast-ened to his room, and as the clock was

striking he took a dose of black mixture

Couldn't have a better disguise, and

then this talk about Emma being my

daughter deceives them all the more

I'll try some old story on her. No, bet-ter not; that might betray me."

Dr. Martin to all appearances was not

more than thirty, but there were times

when his hair glistened as if streaked

with gray and there were old lines in his face, wrinkles about the eyes that

were much like crows' feet, and deep

grooves in the cheeks that suggested

the furrows years plow. But these were

only for the moment and disappeared

so quickly that the observer would be

Two years before this evening he had

come to Coot hill and secured a room at the Wertz house, becoming the first

resident physician t he village had had

since the disappearance of Dr. Pyle,

almost a dozen years before. He soon began to pay decided attention to Emma

Wertz, a beautiful girl of twenty-six,

who had always had many beaux, but

fancied none in particular, except per-

haps big Ben Blake. She soon forget

him when the doctor came. They were

to be married, and twice the day had

been set, but for some plausible reason

Dr. Martin had asked for a postpone-

ment, much to Emma's chagrin. She

was beginning to think of Ben Blake as

a means to bring the doctor to his senses

when the lightning, apparently so di-

rectly concerned with the Wertz for-

tunes, cut short her time for marrying

And now Dr. Martin spoke of Emma as

his daughter, while the villagers, even

Ben Fluke, pitied him, but they thought

themselves peculiarly unfortunate to

have been inflicted with two crazy phy-

sicians in succession, notwithstanding a period of eleven years had intervened

etween the going of one and the com-

About his antecedents Dr. Martin was

exceedingly reticent, the shrewdest questioner being unable to obtain any

reply that could receive a positive con-

doubt as to his earlier career, while the

successful treatment of two cases of ma-

lignant fever firmly established his rep-

utation as a trustworty physician. We left him in his room where he was

chuckling over an asserted resemblance

to Lewis Wertz, and congratulating

himself upon having thus a complete

disguise as to his own identity. He soon

went out to make a professional call, and

'Alas, my poor daughter! woe is me!

Ben Fluke heard him and pitied him

from the bottom of his big heart, but

when the doctor had gone out of Ben's

hearing he said maliciously, quoting the

killed Lew and ran away."
"Some women guess well," he com-

mented with a sneering laugh.

"'It's allers been my belief the doctor

The next day, between 5 and 6 in the

evening, a great commotion arose in the

It was rumored that Ben Fluke's

wagon had come from the quarry with

an unusual stone on it, being nothing

on his way he muttered:

my daughter is dead."

Widow Wertz:

village.

So the villagers were left in

and giving in marriage.

ing of the other.

inclined to think them imaginary.

'So I look like her husband at times.

from a vial he carried on his person.

must go. So Lew humored him. It's aller's been my belief the doctor killed

Lew and then run away.'

"More'n twelve year."

"Oh, my, no; he boarded with us jest like you do."

knows what became of Lew and the doc

Dr. Pyle over the mountain on so bad

"Yes, I am, but whose am I in?"

n' Emmy was yer daughter.'

for I am always thinking of Emma as

than a boy is of ghosts.'
"Lew Wertz," she

And now Emmy's dead."

was him made over agin.

"I saw Lew last by a flash of lightnin"

she continued, "my

was overlooked. When attention was again directed to him he was clasping the wagonbed with both hands for support, while his eyes, become glassy in

their appearance, were fixed on the became morose and surly,
After her death Dr. Martin always
referred to Emma as his daughter, but stone body. Soon the widow, who had retired to the house followed by the women of the crowd, rushed to the door and cried out Curious neighbors by sly gestures could "Oh, Dr. Martin, it's past six. Did

you take ver med'cine? The doctor, hitherto uninterrupted in his fixed study of petrification, gave a start at her announcement and reeled so that he would have fallen had not Ben Fluke caught him. "Has the clock struck six yet?" he

gasped. "Yes," said Ben, "more'n ten minutes

ago."
With apparently great effort the doctor stood erect, and assuming a defiant manner startled his hearers by saying;
"It's past six. My death knell has
rung. I am not Dr. Martin. I am Lew

He ceased for a moment, then began again, speaking as Lew Wertz would

have done:

"The crazy Dr. Pyle had the 'lixer of life. I know'd he had it but didn't let their black faces. I'm fearder of them on. I know'd too, the night he wanted to go 'cross the mountain it was fur to git the bottle filled at a drug store. husband, drew crazy Dr. Pyle over the mountain a night jest like that Emmy made up my mind to git that lixer. So when we got opposite the quarry I caught him by the throat and made him but he wouldn't listen to me. He jest acted as if he was in a spell the crazy tell me what the stuff was make of. He Dr. Pyle had worked on him and went didn't want to, but I told him he'd have in spite of me. I watched them by the lightnin' till they were hid by the to or die. He told me over and over again till I got it and the directions for takin' it in my memory. Then some devil hinted he had fooled me and I jest woods, and I ain't seen him since. The norse came home and the wagon was got mad and killed him, takin' the risk that I had the right thing. I throwed found in the woods, but since then Lew his body in the quarry and covered it up with stone. Then I hid in the woods "You look awful like Lew at times, doctor," she continued. "Not as I last for days with the little bottle with 'lixer in it in my pocket, but I didn't think it much good, else I wouldn't have be in this here world I would say you killed the doctor. But after a while ! got near a farmhouse, and when the The doctor did not laugh as one might lixer. Then I begged somethin' to eat. Next day I took some more 'lixer and began feelin' young. If the clock had been wrong the stuff wouldn't have took my daughter, and not as my promised effect.

> by that clock, windin' it myself every day. There was enuff 'lixer in the bot tle to make me feel very young, but it didn't make me look young. I soon quit that place and reached the drug store. I must 'a' changed on the way over the vay over the mountain, for the druggist didn't know me. He filled the bottle and to this day I've taken it reg'lar, but I've missed once, and now it's no good, and I'm old Lew Wertz again.
> "Most of the time I thought I was Dr.

Pyle, livin'under the name of Dr. Martin, but sometimes I know'd I was Lew Wertz all the time. Then I felt mighty bad, coz I was goin' to marry my own daughter. Then I put off the weddin' and made Emmy worry. After Emmy died I lived more of two lives than ever before. I was Lew Wertz whenever l thought of her, but Dr. Pyle the other times. That's all I've got to tell. You'd better take me and hang me. I ain't long to live at best." "But the 'lixer," asked a quavering

voice; "hev yer got it?"
"Yes, old man," Lewis replied, and, taking the vial from his pocket, he broke it on the tire of the wheel, and the black fluid, to possess which he had become a murderer, stained the spokes as it trickled down them and collected in a little pool on the hub.

The old man who had asked if Lewis still possessed the clixir staggered to the wheel and dipped his fingers into the fluid and put it to the tip of his tongue. Lewis laughed grimly and "That ain't accordin' to directions

Here the widow Wertz appeared at the door of the hotel. She had come for another look at the petrification. She had come Half way she stopped and, uttering a cry of horror, buried her face in hands and turned to flee, but stumbled and fell. "It's me, Jen-Lew. I've come back

to die on Emmy's grave.' Lewis, leaning on Ben Fluke, stood over her, but she would not look up. So Bell was compelled to lift her and carry her to the house, she mouning and erring the while that she had seen Lewis' ghost.

Ben Fluke, being constable, by virtue of his office, made Wertz his prisoner There was some talk of lynching the murderer, but Ben refused to give up the criminal. Finally the crowd dis persed and the village grew quiet.

A little old man struggled to raise ladder against the Wertz house. He got it up part way. It was not yet mid-night and Ben had not gone to sleep He was in Dr. Martin's room; where Lewis had asked to be taken for the night. When he heard the ladder he looked out of the window and then whispered to Lewis that old Job Peters was trying to get into the room. "Tell him that all the 'lixer in the

world wouldn't make him young, he don't know the directions fer takin Ben delivered the message to Job

Job, who sneaked away like a detected

thief. Then Ben fell asleep. At dawn he woke. Lewis Wertz was gone. The ladder had been pulled up to the window. He had gone out that way. followed and traced his footsteeps the bottom of the ladder. They led to the graveyard. There Ben found his prisoners free from the shackles of this

He lay face downward on Emma' grave. In his hand he grasped a bottle

of his elixer. It was a grim sarcasm on the man' efforts to prolong his life. His widow, although bowed down with grief and shame at having been the wife of a murderer, died many years after

Didn't Know Adam.

San Francisco Post: As Artemus Ward was traveling in the cars, dreading to be bored, and feeling miserable, a man approached him, sat down, and said: Did you hear the last thing on Hor

ace Greeley?" "Greeley? Greeley?" said Artemus 'Horace Greeley! Who is he?' The man was quiet about five minutes. Pretty soon he said:

"George Francis Train is kicking up a good deal of a row over in England. Do you think they will put him in a bas-"Train? Train? George Francis

Train?" said Artemus, s olemnly. never heard of him.". This ignorance kept the man quiet

for fifteen minutes; then he said:
"What do you think about General Grant's chances for the presidency? Do you think they will run him?"
"Grant? Grant? Hang it man," said Artemus, "you tappear to know more strangers than any man I ever saw."

The man was furious. He walked up the car, but at last came back and said: "You confounded ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?" Artemus looked up and said: "What was his other name?"

"And I've been thinkin' all these Pittsburg Royal Arch chapter, No. 268, years he must hev killed Lew, but it constituted last Monday afternoon by Com-panion Mathias H. Henderson, M. E. G. high priest, assisted by the grand officers. There were fifty-five charter members present, as were also the presiding officers of the four grand bodies in Pennsylvania. seems the other way. Will trouble never cease?" and she began to moau. In the commotion she excited by her ready solution of the disappearance of Dr. Pyle and Lewis Wertz Dr. Martin

HE DIED WHILE AT PRAYER

A Startling Incident of the German Baptist Conference.

STRICKEN DOWN WITH APOPLEXY.

Widening of the Breach Between Methodist and Ministerial Lay Delegates-Various Church Conventions in the Country.

A Sudden Summons.

Wanash, Ind., May 19.-The first regular service of the German Baptist conference of the United States was held in Hunter's grove, at North Manchester, to-day. About five thousand of the brethren are already on the grounds and the incoming trains on all roads are heavily laden. It is expected that nearly twenty thousand members of the church will be in attendance by Monday evening.

Immediately after the opening sermon in the great tabernacle this afternoon Elder James Guintar, editor of the Gospel Messenger, of Huntington, Pa., and president of senger, of Huntington, Pa., and president of the normal college at that place, lead in prayer. While upon his knees on the rostrum in the center of the tent, surrounded by an audience of 3,000 people, he was stricken with apoplexy and died almost instantly. While praying it was observed he grew incoherent, and as he uttered the words: "We are glad to meet again," he expired.

Elder Quinter was probably the most prominent man in the church. He was born in

Eder Quinter was probably the most pro-minent man in the church. He was born in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, in 1816 and entered the ministry at twenty. He was ill when he arrived here, and engaged in the service under protest. His remains will be sent to Huntington, Pa., where he has a wife and two daughters. and two daughters.

Below is a partial list of the bishops elected Below is a partial list of the bishops elected for the various districts constituting the board of management: Northwest Kansas and Colorado, Isaac Studebaker; South Kansas, Lemuel Hilbry; Northeast Kansas, George Myers; North Missouri, C. C. Root; South Iowa, J. S. Gable; Middle Iowa, A. M. Dickey; North Iowa and Minnesota, Marcus Fowler; North Illinois, J. G. Rogers and D. Eby; South Illinois, T. D. Lyon.

The Methodist Conference. NEW YORK, May 19 .- When Bishop Nind called the general Methodist conference to order it was evident that the breach between the ministerial and lay delegates occasioned yesterday by the recommendations of the committee on ministerial and lay delegates concerning the equalization of representation was widened to-day. When the report of the committee was taken up yesterday the time for adjournment had arrived. A ministerial delegate demanded that the vote be taken by orders and the lay men got back at the preachers by calling for the ayes and noes. Dr. Buckley, who yesterday spoke against the adoption of the report, to day voted in its favor; this brought other ministers who yesterday voted against the report, to vote for its adoption. The result of the change of these votes was that the report was adopted. Dr. Hunt then offered amendments suggesting the division of the conference. ments suggesting the division of the confer ence into separate houses, which was carried. The conference then took up the order of the day, which was the consideration of the report of the committee on episcopacy on missionary bishoprics. The report was a
lengthy document and practically settled the
much mooted question that a missionary
bishop is a bishop in the true sense of the term. After a lengthy explanation several resolutions concerning this matter were

After the reading of the greeting from the centennial general assemply of the Prosby-terian church reciprocating the greeting of the general conference sent yesterday, the

The Northern Presbyterians. PHILADELPHIA, May 19.-In the general assembly of the Presbyterian church this morning the discussion on the report of the committee on education was resumed. Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, read the report of the committee on ministerial relief. He spoke warmly in favor of pensions for ministers disqualified by age and long ser-vice, not as charity, but as a recognition of labors in the cause of Christ's church. supplementary report of of the committee of arrangements for the one hundredth meeting of the general assembly was read. The statement of the treasurer was submitted as a part of the report. It showed that so far ore than \$500,000 had been subscribed. The

assembly then adjourned.

Two meetings were held after the adjournment. One was under the auspices of the Presbyterian Sunday School Superintendent's association, and the other in est of theological education. Both were well attended.

The Southern Presbyterians. BALTIMORE, May 19.-At to-day's session of the general assembly the southern Presbyterian church committee reported favoring a' stricter observance of the Sabbath day, Chattanooga was chosen as the place for the Chattanooga was chosen as the place for the next general assembly. At the evening session the temperance question was referred to a committee which is to report at the next general conference. The hearing of the case of Rev. D. James Woodrow, of Georgia, was set for Monday. He is charged with teaching the theory of evolution. Additional countries of the conference of th journed.

Old Officers Re-elected. Washington, May 19. - The American Baptist publication society to-day unanimously re-elected the present officers and

African Methodists. Indianapolis, May 19 .- In the African M. E. general conference to-day the time was spent in balloting for bishops. The follow-ing were elected: W. J. Gaines of Georgia, B. Warner of Ohio, E. T. Tanner of Penn

A Good Story of Conkling. The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says he heard a story the other day of Mr. Conkling which if lustrates that he did not always treat newspaper men unkindly. There is in Washington a cripple who carns a meager living by peddling news among the regular correspondents. In the last presidential campaign he saw Mr.Conk-

ing at Chamberlain's and asked him for an interview. Mr. Conkling replied with his usual abruptness that he never permitted himself to be interviewed; that he was out of politics and nothing that he could say would be of the slightest interest to the public. "You are mistaken about that, senator," was the reply of the cripple. "If I could get a good interview with you it would be \$25 or \$30 in my pocket. Every

correspondent on the "row' would buy "Do you want to make that amount of money?" asked the senator.
"I do, indeed," was the reply.

"Things are pretty dull in Washington "Very well," said Mr. Conkling. will give you an interview, although I

have not done such a thing for a long time, and have frequently declared that I would never talk with a reporter Inviting the cripple into his room, Mr.

Conkling called for a pen and paper and wrote out his views on the political contest, which were widely published and attracted a great deal of comment at the time. As he finished he handed the manuscript to the cripple and said: There is your interview, and I have only two conditions to make. One is that you sell it for the very highest possible price to as many newspapers as possible, and the other is that it be printed exactly as it is written.'

There is some talk of requesting Grand Master George F. Howard, of the I. O. O. F. of Illinois, to resign his position in the